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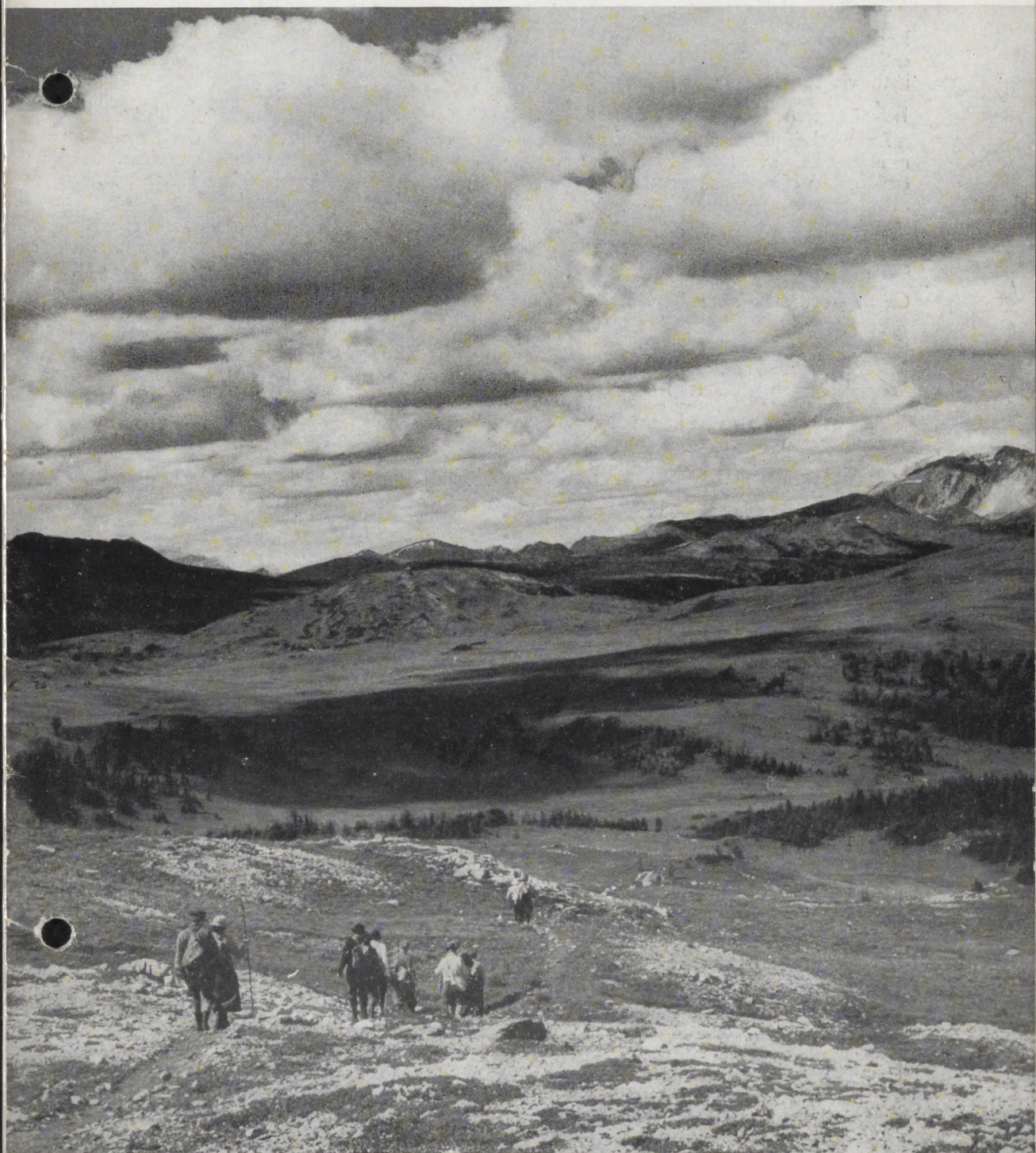
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The Sky Line Trail

SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BULLETIN NO. 53

JUNE 1948



WHERE HIKE DREAMS COME TRUE

C.P.R. Photo

X13T 91

Facts for Prospective Members

Who are the Trail Hikers?

The Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent group of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a five-day camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise in Alberta.

What are their principal aims?

Among their principal aims are the encouragement of hiking over Rocky Mountain trails, the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already existing, the preservation of our national parks, and co-operating with other organizations with similar aims.

Can I become a member?

You or anybody else can join the hikers at any time you wish. Membership is open to all — irrespective of sex, age, color, creed or profession. We welcome new members to our organization.

What are the requirements?

To become a full-fledged member it is necessary to have accumulated a minimum of 25 miles' hiking on Rocky Mountain trails. This is usually acquired by most hikers at the five-day camp. Annual membership fee is one dollar.

Is climbing experience necessary?

The answer is no. We are not mountain climbers; we do not scale cliffs with ropes and crampons. We are walkers of the uphill and downdale type. The hikes are not strenuous and can be enjoyed by anyone who likes a good walk with a side order of spectacular mountain scenery.

How do I join the annual hike?

To join the annual hike send your application to the Secretary-Treasurer, Sky Line Trail Hikers

of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta, Canada' accompanied by a five-dollar deposit. Your deposit will be refunded if you alter your plans on or before July 1.

What is the total fee?

Total cost of the hike is \$26.00. This includes teepee accommodation for five days, meals in camp, services of attendants, gratuities, and (this year) bus accommodation between Banff and Sunshine Lodge where the hike begins.

Sleeping bags can be rented for \$5.00 each for the camp's duration. Mattresses, rubber ground sheets and blankets are provided at no cost where these are required.

When are the hikes held?

The hikers usually hold their annual camp over the last week-end in July or the first in August. This year the dates are Saturday, July 31 to Wednesday, August 4, inclusive.

How are camps set up?

Camps are made up of Indian teepees, constructed and decorated by the Stony Indians who have a reservation at nearby Morley. The teepees are equipped with vents so as to permit the lighting of fires inside when nights are cool. Three to four hikers can share a teepee in comfort.

Can I keep pace with the vets?

You don't need to. At the start of each day's hike, members are divided into groups according to their experience, their scenic tastes and the amount of hiking they wish to accomplish. Each group has an experienced guide to lead the way.

Well, what am I waiting for?

Nothing at all. Send in your application.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

● Have you hiked 50 miles or more on Rocky Mountain trails? If so, you are eligible for life membership in the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Fee for life membership, which automatically absolves the member from payment of further annual dues, is \$10.00 plus one dollar extra for the certificate itself. The certificate, which is topped by

a beautiful Trail Hike etching by R. H. Palenske, is suitable for framing.

The member's name is printed — diploma style — on the certificate, along with the signature of the president and the secretary-treasurer.

Why not check up on your mileage? You may find your name has a rightful place in the "Life Membership" column in *The Sky Line Trail*.



Hikers at Rock Isle Lake.

(C.P.R. Photo)

The Trail to Quartz Lake

YES, folks, it's practically all over now but the hiking. And since that's the part we're interested in let's spend a few moments examining the trails over which our hob-nailed boots will transport us this summer between July 31 and August 4.

Before starting off, however, let's take a look at the map on the following page. Here, thanks to the artistry of Banff's Herb Ashley, we can obtain at a glance a bird's eye view of the mountains that flank our course, the creeks whose courses we follow, and, albeit in black and white, the green grassy meadows that undulate along our course for miles along Simpson Summit.

We see on the horizon the majestic cone of Mount Assiniboine rising 11,870 feet into the alpine sky, the blunt bulk of Fatigue Mountain, Citadel Peak and Quartz Hill, the sparkling gem that is Rock Isle Lake which immediately makes us think of its larch-fringed neighbor, Larix Lake, favorite campsite of many past rides and hikes.

Most important of all, however, we see a little lake at the summit of Citadel Pass — Quartz Lake — and the spot nearby where the white pointed spires of Teepee Town will rise to house our hiking colony.

So much for the bird's eye view. Getting down to earth our horizons may shrink but our imaginations are as rampant as ever. The day is Saturday, July 31, the place, the Mount Royal

Hotel. It is shortly before H-hour, which for us is 8.30 a.m., at which time we leave by bus for the 14-mile journey to Sunshine Lodge, 7,300 feet above timberline, and starting point of the first day's hike.

The duffle left the day before so we know it will be awaiting us at our campsite. We're glad we heeded the warning to have it ready for pick-up and delivery by 4.00 p.m. the previous day.

As the bus climbs higher and higher along the spectacular and tortuous roadway you'll hear some of the older hikers recall how they hiked the same course on foot in years gone by. "Nothing to it," they will say, "I recall the time Trav Coleman, Graham Nichols, Jane Diverty and I hoofed it in 1942 and still had enough energy for a game of Chinese checkers when we reached the Lodge." And the bus rolls on.

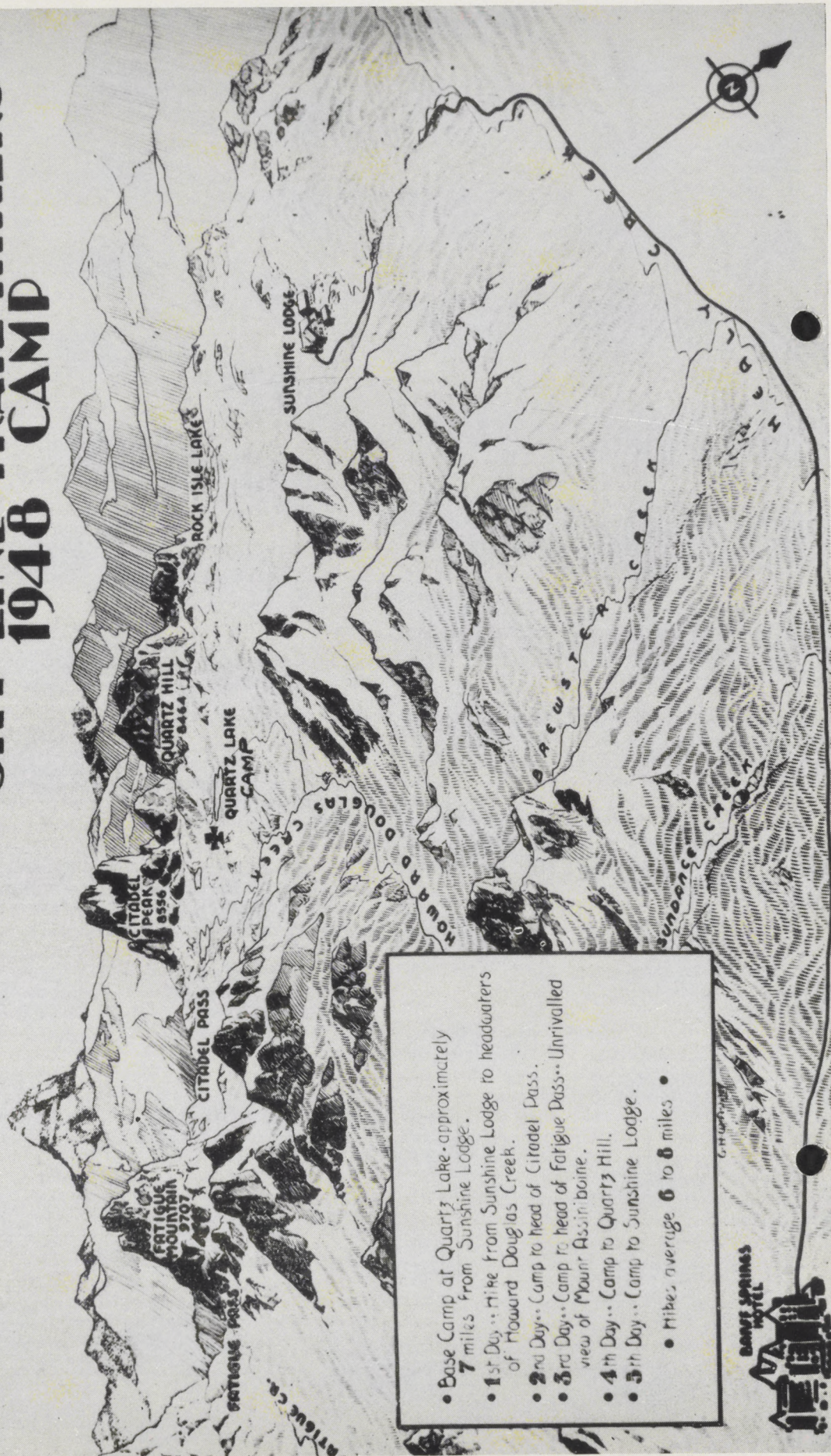
Sunshine Lodge and it's "all change." We've arrived at our bridgehead and from now on we must rely on our hiking boots, our leg-power and our alpenstocks. Outside the lodge we form ranks, adjust our haversacks, and we're off on a seven-mile march to our teepee home at

Members, Please Note !

All those who have not paid their annual dues for 1948 are requested to do so by July 31. Checks should be made payable to the Secretary-Treasurer, Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alta.

PROPOSED SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS 1948 CAMP

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE
11870



- Base Camp at Quartz Lake, approximately 7 miles from Sunshine Lodge.
- 1st Day... Nine from Sunshine Lodge to headwaters of Howard Douglas Creek.
- 2nd Day... Camp to head of Citadel Pass.
- 3rd Day... Camp to head of Fatigue Pass... Unrivalled view of Mount Assiniboine.
- 4th Day... Camp to Quartz Hill.
- 5th Day... Camp to Sunshine Lodge.
- Miles, average 6 to 8 miles.

BEAUFORT SPRINGS
HOTEL



Quartz Lake near the headwaters of Howard Douglas Creek atop Citadel Pass.

Just as we thought, it's a bright sunny day and we're all in the best of spirits. The lush alpine meadows form a resilient carpet for our grateful hiking boots and we're glad we took time out to "break them in" before we signed up for the big safari.

The magnificent panorama of mountains rising on either side of the broad rolling alpine fairways causes the majority of hikers to proceed in silent admiration. Some of those in the know may be comparing our situation with that of the Simpson party who trod the same trails so long before.

If you're a lover of wild flowers you are already deep in your element. The grassy floor of Simpson Summit is pinpointed with myriad-colored wild blooms — asters, anemones, forget-me-nots, Indian paint brush, and countless other species — many of which are unknown to the lower altitudes.

Camera fans are having a field day using up rolls of film on the magnificent panorama and the long file of hikers winding their way over a grassy trail on the roof of the world.

But not even this scenic blue plate special can stifle the protests of the Inner Man and we readily comply as time out is called for our picnic lunch on the trailside. The site is by a little alpine brook or tarn (usually) to provide a base for that noon cup of tea or coffee. And if you're a hardy character — and time and place permit — you don your swim suit and enjoy a mid-day splash in those cool clear waters.

As the afternoon wears on we find ourselves eagerly looking for our first glimpse of the camp which will be our home for the next four nights. Finally over a distant rise the hills of home bob into view — a cozy little cluster of white teepees whose pointed spires form a hazy silhouette against the distant mountains.

A short march and we're trooping proudly and happily — and perhaps a wee bit wearily for it's our first day on the trails — into our compound which is already bustling with activity. Here we are assigned our teepees, collect our duffle, and wash up for our first Trail Hike supper.

We are surprised and maybe a bit embarrassed to see what hiking has done for our appetites. We find that this same appetite has assumed proportions hitherto undreamed of, and fear we may do the same! However, we are told that most hikers find their daily workouts on the trail more than compensate for prolonged stays at the cook-tent and waistlines usually end up slimmer than ever!

Supper over and we return to our teepee, crawl in and set our house in order. With the assistance of teepee mates (there are usually four to a teepee) we lay a comfy bed of ever-green boughs on which to park our sleeping bags, arrange our belongings where we can get

at them in a hurry, and make a beeline for the campfire whose crackling flames are already leaping into the alpine darkness.

We seat ourselves comfortably among other hikers already ringed around the fire, and get ready for our first trail hike sing-song. The song sheets are passed around, the musician is "ad libbing" on his squeeze box, and the next moment we find ourselves singing like we've never sung before.

It's been a full day, we are filled with a glorious sense of well-being. Our eyes are flickering with the campfire, we think fondly of our sleeping bags . . . and so to bed.

And this is only the beginning. Tomorrow we follow the trail to the head of Citadel Pass; next day Fatigue Pass will be our objective with a magnificent view of Mount Assiniboine enroute. And the day after that it's all aboard for Quartz Hill.

Looking ahead or looking backward, it seems that all's right with the world — at least on the summit of Citadel Pass.

Trail Hike Calendar

- July 30** — Last call for duffle! All duffle destined for camp should be deposited at the Mount Royal Hotel, Banff, ready for pick up and delivery, not later than 4.00 p.m.
- July 31** — All Aboard! Bus leaves Mount Royal Hotel for Sunshine Lodge at 8.30 a.m. This is no morning to sleep in. Hike from Sunshine Lodge to central campsite at Quartz Lake, seven miles distant. Evening singsong, campfire.
- August 1** — Hike from central camp to head of Citadel Pass and return. Evening sing-song, campfire.
- August 2** — Hike from central camp to head of Fatigue Pass and return. Here hikers will obtain unrivalled view of 11,870-ft. Mount Assiniboine. Evening sing-song, campfire.
- August 3** — Hike from camp to Quartz Hill and return. Campfire pow-wow.
- August 4** — Hike from central camp to Sunshine Lodge. Leave Sunshine Lodge by bus for Banff.

Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do!

Time to get in practice

Now's as good a time as any to practice singing in the bath-tub, in the rain, or wherever you can do-re-mi with the most gusto to the greatest advantage!

Why? Because you're going to need that voice of yours every evening 'round the campfire when they pass around those song sheets. True, we may not all be Nelson Eddys and Lily Pons's but once our piano-accordionist gets his squeeze-box in motion our voices just can't resist hitch-hiking onto those strains of melody — for better or for worse.

Our song books, recently revised, will contain a wide selection of those clever trail hike adaptations of favorite and familiar melodies by John Murray Gibbon, who each summer has added a new group to the collection. The tunes are known to everybody so you have no excuse to remain silent.

If you really can't sing (and don't think we believe it) your companions may reluctantly settle for whistling marmot style or yodelling. But please, dear hiker, don't remain silent.

Inner Man, Please Note

Just in case you're wondering about how your palate is going to catch on with the Trail Hike menu this summer we are letting you in on a few cookhouse secrets in advance.

Each morning and evening a delicious hot full course meal will be prepared and served by the competent camp cooking staff whose members are fully aware of the effects of alpine air on a hiker's appetite.

Picnic lunches will be the order for mid-day meals on the march, these consisting of sandwiches, cake, cookies, fruit, and other goodies to tempt the hiker's palate. These mid-day lunches are usually taken in the vicinity of a lake or stream where cold fresh water is available for tea and coffee.

Nor does this complete the daily hike menu. Each evening at the campfire singsongs steaming hot chocolate and sweet biscuits are passed around — usually several times over — and though it may not improve the quality of the singing it certainly provides soul-satisfying reinforcement.

Hikers will be responsible for their own breakfasts at Banff on the morning of July 31 and their evening dinner upon return from Sunshine on August 4.



WHO'S GOING A-HIKING?

Passenger List Shows Skyward Trend

ONE of the joys of the annual trail hike is the renewing of old acquaintances made on the trails of yesteryear. And that is why whenever two or more hikers get together these days someone invariably asks whether anyone knows if Tom, Mary, John or Jane will be joining us again this summer.

To help hikers provide the answers — in at least some cases — the editor is letting you in on the names of applicants received to date who have tentatively decided to join the '48 trek to the skyline. And at the time of writing, with more than two months to go, there are still many more to hear from.

So cheer up. John and Mary may be along after all. Here is the list as at May 24:

Calgarians: L. W. Shulman, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blackley, Mrs. P. M. Riley, Miss Pat Riley, Miss M. P. Hendrie, Miss Jeanne Hunt, Miss J. F. Ferguson, Miss Mary Moon, Miss Shirley Rourke, Mrs. E. P. Lamar.

Other points : Mrs. L. C. Wolfenden, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Isabel Collyer, Miss Mabel Clegg, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Helen McCowan, Miss Margaret McCowan, Miss Margaret L. Hutchings, Miss Edith I. Hutchings, Brandon, Man.; Miss M. Augusta Evans, Dr. A. Somerville, Edmonton, Alta.; Eric Hopkins, Crossfield, Alta.; Graham Nichols, Banff, Alta.; Miss Angela McIntosh, Hilda, Alta.; David J. Martin, Miss Marcella Moodie (pres.), Vancouver, B.C.; Brig. Sir E. O. Wheeler, M.C., Windermere, B.C.

United States points: Miss Rose Silverman, Miss Evelyn R. Davidson, Chicago, Ill.; Gatwood Wagner, Topeka, Kan.

Let it Rain!

Protection against the elements come sing-song time will be provided this year by the canvas walls of the big Sundance Tent which will be erected as a wind-break around the scene of the nightly sing-songs.

Though it is not possible to transport the "big top" itself as far as our Citadel Pass campsite, the walls will afford considerable relief against unwanted night winds. If it's showery the walls can be converted into an effective lean-to.

So we say "Let it rain, let it blow," though we know it won't — not this year anyway.

Top, to bottom: Frank Arnott, of Toronto (left) winner of the Trail Ride Townsend Trophy, and an ardent hiker as well, engages in lens talk above the timberline (2) Mary Speakman doesn't believe in hiking every minute of the day (3) Hiker threesome makes rounds of teepee village. (4) Hikers relax on Redearth Pass.



NO STRANGER TO HIKERS

The New Secretary-Treasurer Takes a Bow

WHEN the new secretary-treasurer of the Sky Line Trail Hikers also happens to be editor of the Sky Line Trail Bulletin, it seems hardly fair to ask the editor to write a story about the new secretary-treasurer.

At least that's what Graham Nichols said when reminded to give the new secretary-treasurer a good write-up in this, the June issue of *The Sky Line Trail*.

Nevertheless, we feel that just because Graham happens to be editor as well as secretary-treasurer, there is no reason why we, the Hikers, should be kept in ignorance about Graham's good and bad points.

Graham, of course, is no stranger to the Skyliners. Those of us who are accustomed to read the small print at the back of the Bulletin may recall that his name dominated the editorial masthead of the mag from 1942 to 1945 during which period he also edited the Trail Ride Bulletin.

To obtain the necessary information and inspiration, Graham was present on all rides and hikes of those years swinging an alpenstock with the same vengeance as his editorial blue pencil. During that time he also beat out features for the Canadian Pacific Railway for whom he is employed as public relations officer at Banff.

Many more of us remember him as the hard-working organist who pedalled and pounded out musical accompaniments at the nightly sing-songs. One of Graham's favorite gags (and he has a few) was his boast that his footwork on the organ pedals probably exceeded his hiking mileage.

Like most newly elected officers Graham has a good sound platform to back his appointment. Highlights of his 1948 program range from a campaign for enlarging the group's membership



Graham Nichols

to revision of the Bulletin mailing list. The latter, he says, has been virtually completed.

In his office at the Banff Springs Hotel — where this interview took place — Graham has also instituted a new Hike personnel filing system which he claims will be "completely fool-proof within two months" and which will expedite the distribution of the Bulletins and supplementary circulars.

Graham, among other things, is a westerner. Born in Winnipeg, he was educated at St. John's College School, subsequently specializing in Arts at Mount Allison University and the University of Manitoba.

He has been with the C.P.R.'s press bureau and department of public relations since 1939 and prior to his recent transfer to Banff, served for two years as editor of the Company's monthly magazine in Montreal. He has also served in the railway's operating departments in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Montreal.

His favorite hobby is presiding over a piano keyboard — or "horse-teeth" as he likes to call it — and in this department is rated a pretty slick operator. (Editor's note: Don't you believe it). He has also written a number of songs — words and music — one of which was recently published by a Broadway musical firm.

I was told by the editor that 500 words was the most he could accept under the circumstances "and that," he added because I want to fill up the page in as short a time as possible."

So there you have it folks. If I've left anything out — or said too much — you'll find the answers on the trail this summer.

The Snoop

Help Protect Our Forests

DURING the past few weeks we have been appalled by stories in the press of the wholesale destruction of valuable timberland in Eastern Canada by that most relentless enemy — FIRE!

So far this year we in Banff National Park have been spared the destructive consequences of forest fires. Our green slopes have not been blackened and disfigured by the scorching breath of flames that have ravaged less fortunate provinces east of the Lakehead.

This summer we will spend five days on the trail. Thanks to the vigilance of our Parks administration our pathways will be green. We must all do our part in keeping them green for future visitors.

When on the trail watch those campfire embers, those cigarette butts, those matches that may not be "quite out". REMEMBER! — One tree can make a million matches.

One match can destroy a million trees.

*Sydney Vallance
points out
the highlights.*



*The trail
we hiked
last summer.*



They all sing for Jeannie.

(C.P.R. Photos)

Look to your Duffle!

WHAT to put in that duffle? It's a worthy question deserving of worthy consideration.

If you're a newcomer to the Hikers, you may not realize just how greatly a well ordered duffle can contribute to the maximum of hike-happiness. If you aren't hep take a tip from a vet and start right now — not tomorrow — to list your needs. Remember there is no shopping district on Citadel Pass.

To be hike-happy you must of course be foot-happy. We assume that you have already provided yourself with sturdy hiking boots. These do not have to be as deluxe as those appearing on our Trail Hike buttons. However, they should be (1) water repellent (2) provided with cleats or good slip-proof soles and (3) large enough to be worn comfortably with good heavy sox if you like them that way.

A glance at any picture of the hikers in this issue will give you an idea of what to sport round the mid-torso section. Shorts, slacks, denims, are all practical and in good taste, while skirts of knee length or thereabouts can be worn comfortably and to good advantage. The New Lock is not recommended for hiking.

Proceeding upward along the torso we come to the homey but oh-so-necessary sweater which is frequently a hiker's best friend. Though you seldom require a sweater while on the trail (except perhaps early in the morning or late in the afternoon) don't be caught short by those cool nights around the campfire. You're more than 8,000 feet above sea level at times and when Old Sol drops behind the mountains the mercury drops with him.

To provide further protection against low temperatures many hikers bring along wind-breakers, sweater coats, blanket coats, and rawhide jackets, all of which are popular and serviceable forms of apparel.

Most of the hiker's sartorial glamor, however, is contributed by the shirt he or she wears. Gay colored plaids are particularly popular in the shirt department while single tones, open or closed necks, long or short sleeves, are also widely featured. Shirts should be on the sturdy side for the maximum of comfort.

Topping the hike wardrobe you can wear anything from a beret to a 10-gallon hat and still look stylish. Many of the men wear straws, light felts or crumpled and time-honored fedoras with or without a jaunty feather. The ladies frequently favor a gay bandana as a headdress while many of both sexes prefer to go bareheaded. In other words it's everyone to his or her own choice.

Even if you don't wear a bandana on your head you should include one in your duffle.

Reason: When Old Man Sunshine starts pouring the ultra-violet down your neck you'll need the protection of a sturdy bandana, neckerchief or king-sized hankie. Many cases of painful sunburn are ward off in this manner. And to ward off the effects at the other extreme, don't forget your raincoat — preferably a light slicker.

There are also numerous gadgets and trinkets that are necessary for complete hike happiness. These include a light rucksack for carrying lunch, a metal drinking cup (for trail use), a flashlight, (no electricity in teepees), a waterproof container for matches, sun-glasses, a pocket knife, a length of good stout cord (comes in handy when your teepee mate is given to snoring) and your favorite sunburn lotion — just in case.

If you're a hardy type who likes his bathing with a touch of arctic flavor bring along a bathing suit by all means. Granted those glacial lakes can be cool but they're not really as bad as the cartoon on page 11 would have us believe.

We are taking for granted that you'll bring your camera, lots and lots of film, fishing equipment if you're an angler, and chewing gum and chocolate bars if you have a sweet tooth.

And above everything, don't forget that smile and sunny disposition!

FUZZY AND WUZZY

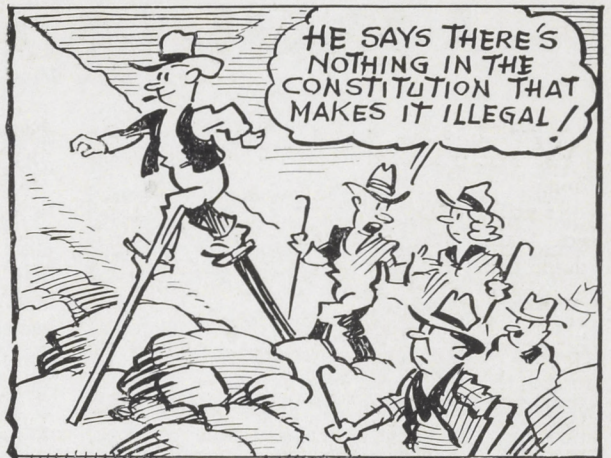
"Soapy" Smith Passes; Well Known To Hikers

Herbert Alonzo "Soapy" Smith, one of the Rocky Mountain's best known guides and camp cook for the Sky Line Trail Hikers up till two years ago, died on April 7 at his home following an illness of about six months. He was 70 years of age.

Born in Vermont, "Soapy" Smith came to Canada in 1904 and before going to Banff worked on ranches in the Jumping Pound district. On arriving in Banff he was first employed as a harness maker by Jim and Bill Brewster and was subsequently camp cook for the latter. He was guide for the Brewster Brothers for about 20 years.

He subsequently acquired a ranch of his own in the Jumping Pound area, spending his winters there and returning each summer to guide parties for the Brewsters. In 1922 he settled at Seebe, raising horses and taking out parties on his own.

"Soapy" will be lovingly remembered by the majority of our members, his jovial and kindly disposition endearing him to all. Surviving are his wife, Eva Alice; one son, Michael, Seebe, Alta.; a brother Fred M. Scott, Kakden, B.C.



HANKIE ON THE HEAD

by Mary Weekes

I MET my young friend, Norah, on the bus the other day.

"Oh!" said she, "You're looking in the pink! Glad you took my advice and quit that radical hiking gang — the hiking clique that's afflicted with mountain rash," she added, when I raised a quizzical eyebrow.

Norah has been away for a bit — as far as Toronto — but somehow she'd heard that I'd missed the 1946 and 1947 hikes — those invigorating hikes that put ginger in the heels and dust the year's accumulation of isms, ologies, and outgoing taxes off the brain.

Norah was looking as fresh as new paint herself. She has an impeccable apple blossom complexion, eyes the blue of the sky and corn-colored hair. She is an exquisite creature, but the barb in her tongue, I often think, she employs in an affectionate sort of way to protect me from what she considers my flightiness following the sky line trails.

In my pleasure in seeing her back again, I ignored her unflattering reference to trail hikers. She is a dynamic girl, full of intelligent spirit, and an hour spent with her is as good for the constitution as a pail full of vitamins, doctors notwithstanding.

"How did you like Toronto?" I asked, intent on keeping out chat off trail hiking.

"That hamlet!" she exclaimed. "It's just another Eastern town set beside a lake and surrounded by hills. No place for a westerner with distance in his eyes."

A woman in the seat ahead of us (a person from Ontario, no doubt) pricked up her ears, turned and looked deliberately at Norah. She turned her indignant eyes quickly away again,

"What! No Button?"

No need for any Trail Hiker to approach you with that remark.

If you have completed 25 miles or more on Rocky Mountain trails and have had this mileage duly certified you are eligible to wear the Order's attractive enamel-finished button.

Cost of the buttons which come in two attractive color-combinations — red or yellow predominating — is \$3.50. The buttons, designed for men's and women's apparel, can be worn on jackets or hats with equally effective results.

The secretary-treasurer has a liberal supply on hand. He'll be glad to receive your order now or at camp.

however. Norah is not the kind of person one can stare down.

"Yes, you're looking well," said Norah again. "I knew that given time you'd quit that crew and their freemasonry, leave them to pursue their mad or fraternal hobbies, trailing and climbing and dying of fatigue. Trail hiking isn't fit or becoming for a woman of your years. When I see pictures of that hiking confederacy with hankies on their heads and denim pants al-fresco, so to speak — ugh!" She smiled engagingly, giving the sunshine-cake-pan shaped affair that served her for a hat a poke to the back of her head, her hand feathering out the ostrich tips that frosted it.

This was neither the time nor the place to deliver a suitable retort, but I thought of the mountains, serene, remote, yet friendly withal; of trails that twisted and wound upward and around them, and the bewildering way in which at the turning of these trails the mountains seemed to twist and turn too, presenting a constantly changing scene — like a revolving globe with mountains revealed in solemn rhythm and beauty upon it. I thought of the patches of honey-scented meadows, springy lichen and moss-covered rocks, evergreens that formed columns, slender and graceful, against giant grey rocks. And from high on the ridges the sound of glacial streams breaking the wide silver silence came to me again.

Norah's charm and beauty are so devastating — even to females — and I was so deeply engaged in thinking of the Rockies, while admiring her, that at first her words just breezed along the edge of my mind, but they did finally filter through my absorption, I said, tartly.

"The purpose of hiking (even in bands) is to restore frayed nerves. There is food for the soul in the still mountain heights. Up in the sombre Rockies, one may find leisure to appraise the strifes that go on within one's self, in the world, to catalogue . . ."

"Tut! Tut!" said Norah, rudely, "I've heard all those cliches before — Norah knows that my fondness for her will permit rudeness — "But wait! All is at last clear — the meaning of these hiking posses or coteries. You mean they are undertaken to appraise oneself — a sort of sack-cloth-and-ashes pilgrimage to purge oneself of the wickedness of the world a-whipping of yourselves up steep and rocky paths? Do you sing incantations?"

"Wait, Norah," I implored. "You have the purpose of our hikes all wrong. There is no penance or punishment (literally speaking) attached to our jaunts. Sing? Of course. But

jolly jingles round campfires. Let me tell you . . .”

“I see it all,” said Norah, ignoring my words and looking at me severely, “You wear hankies on your heads, penitent style, for your soul-healing pilgrimages, and ugly jeans to hide the allure of the female form. Love-a-day! A hankie on the head for one of your mature years might be permissible — but those gals I saw in the pictures? Haven’t they looked at themselves in a mirror? Even “fascinators” would be more suitable for those soul-purging trips. As for the male pilgrims? I suppose their ten-gallon monstrosities are intended for crusader hats.”

By this time every male creature on the bus had his eyes glued to the glamorous Norah who, in a grandly regal way, was oblivious to their admiration.

“The 1948 hike may be revolutionary,” I hastened to say, “in the way of dress. Even I may be tempted to wear one of those ballerina skirts or an even more elaborate affair, something trailing and effeminate . . .” I tried to say this superiorly, though feeling sadly worm-like under Norah’s pitying eyes.

The bus came to a stop. “Here we are! See you soon!” said Norah.

The Sky Line Trail

*Official Publication of the Sky Line Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.*

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned promptly

EDITOR — Graham Nichols

To a man, the male passengers on the crowded bus opened a way for Norah as she swished her ballerina skirt down the aisle, her ostrich tips tickling their noses (as no hankie on the head could have done) as she advanced.

“Toodle-oo!” she called back to me as she alighted. The smiles of the male passengers as their eyes followed her were anything but sackcloth-and-ashy.

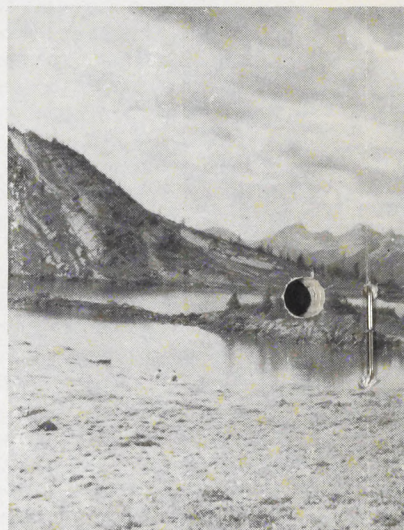


Not so many hikes ago.

HIKE HIGHLIGHT



Sunshine Lodge where hike begins.



Every hiker knows



Jean Stewart views the landscape.



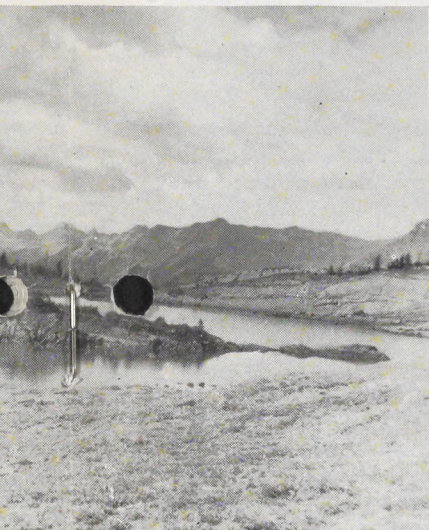
Here's what we mean by sk



Hikers live in teepees.



Some of Nature's handiwork.



hiker knows Rock Isle Lake.



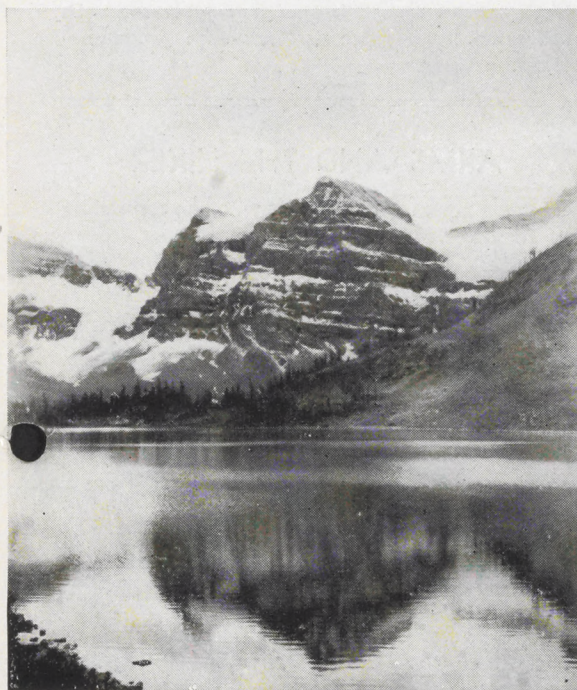
You'll meet these hikers too.



mean by skyline hikers



You too can fish here



Something for the camera fan.



Hikers homeward bound.

BANFF'S GOOD NEIGHBORS

Written by Graham Nichols for the Canadian Pacific Railway's "Spanner" and reproduced in the "Sky Line Trail" by permission of that magazine. Photography by Nicholas Morant.



*"Chip" on her shoulder
(P.S. It's a chipmunk)*

NO, it couldn't happen anywhere but in Banff. Where else could you get a beaver to cut your firewood into stove lengths? Where else could you get a bull moose to help prune your hedges and where but at Banff Springs Hotel could a guest enjoy a tennis game within munching sound of a herd of wild elk?

While 82 miles eastward, Calgarians go about their business just as citizens of most Canadian cities, Banff residents and tourists rub shoulders with as strange and varied a group of fellow citizens as ever were grouped together in one civilized community.

Banff pedestrians and wide antlered deer daily pass each other on some of the principal thoroughfares. And here the sight of a coyote trotting homeward from an impromptu feed in a back alley no longer impresses townspeople who are accustomed to honking their horns at a stubborn cow moose or rescuing bears who have caught their heads in milk cans.

Tourists, however, view all these things with wide-eyed wonder. It was different when they saw a herd of buffalo grazing from their train window just before it pulled into Banff station. The buffalo were in a paddock. But to see so many species of wild life moving free and unmolested within the resort's limits is a decidedly novel experience for most visitors.

The visitor gets his first view of things to come as he drives from the station to Banff Springs Hotel. A glance at the street signs discloses that with the exception of Banff Avenue, the resort's main thoroughfare, every street is named after an animal native to the region. And after a short visit in Banff it becomes apparent that the streets are well named.

The hotel is a perfect amphitheatre for viewing the wild life that abounds in the adjacent mountains and woodlands. Located approximately one mile from the centre of Banff village the imposing edifice and its beautifully landscaped grounds are bounded by pungent evergreen forests, lofty mountains and fast-flowing mountain rivers, all of which contribute their quota of wild life.

Most familiar to hotel guests are the herds of elk which frequent a section of hotel grounds near the tennis courts. These animals live a quiet and orderly life and their presence there is not disputed by the management. There are times, however, when the hotel must lay down the law to these antlered folk in its own interests. That is why it has erected a high steel fence along a section of the river to remind the elk to keep off the golf course. And that is why a guard is maintained at the bridge to see that the animals don't attempt any round-about methods of visiting the world-famous course and removing king-size divots with their pointed hooves.

If the hotel guest is not too near sighted, a glance up the slopes of neighboring Mount Rundle will reward him with a view of shaggy haired mountain goats leisurely feeding on lichen and other alpine growth from precarious perches high above the timberline. And in the opposite direction on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain, big horn sheep are frequently seen by the visitor. Both species regard the human spectator with the same indifference as their domestic namesakes.

ARMS AND THE HIKER

● Here's news for trail hikers who like something on their arms besides sleeves.

At this very moment we're negotiating with an outside firm for the purchase of a supply of cloth stitched arm badges designed to decorate the sleeves of our members' jackets, sweaters, wind-breakers, or whatever they wear when they go a-hiking.

The proposed badges — stitched, not painted — will bear a facsimile of the official Trail Hike crest — the big boot, with hikers and mountains in the background. The badge will be finished in a harmonious color scheme.

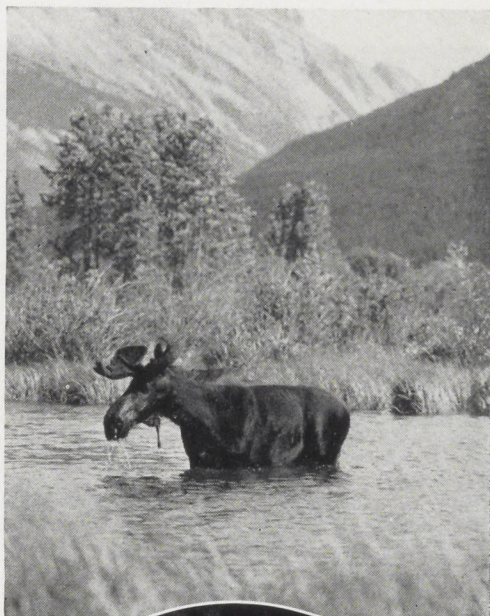
As soon as more details are available we'll be able to tell you more. It's just possible that they may be on sale (at a reasonable price) at this year's camp, but we can't make any promises. Meantime we're doing our best to bring this to pass.

Early risers at the hotel may round a corner of the building and come face to face with a wide-eyed deer and in practically every case the guest is far more astonished than the animal. And it is highly probable that the deer will expect a handout and thoughtful guests are usually prepared for such emergencies. Guests returning late at night may see (or hear) black or cinnamon bears in the hotel's environs.

Driving up the mountainous roadway from Banff Springs Hotel to Sunshine Lodge, 7,300 feet above sea level, the visitor passes the haunts of moose, deer, and elk as well as the predatory mountain lions (cougar), lynx, coyote and bear. Frequently these animals can be sighted on the roadside while coyotes at times, like unimaginative horses or cows, have been known to run ahead of the car for long stretches rather than jumping off the road and into the woods.

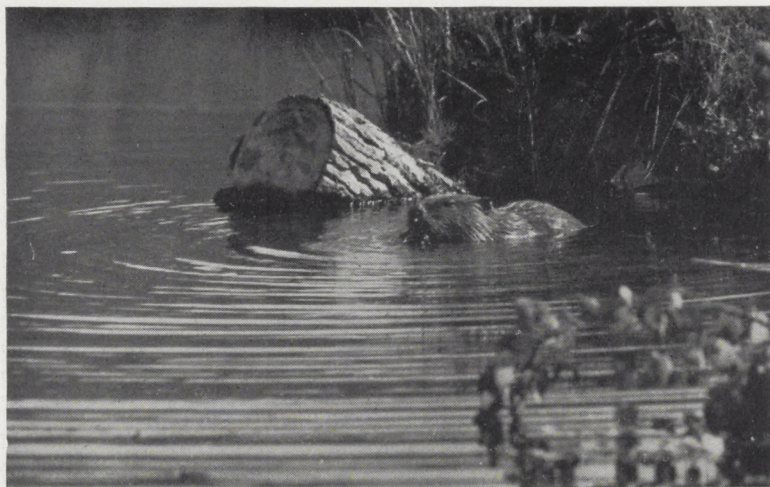
Black and cinnamon bear usually create the most interest as far as tourists are concerned. Practically fearless as far as humans are concerned the animals, guided by their sweet tooth and an overwhelming curiosity, will join any picnic party with the slightest encouragement. On one occasion recently a picknicking motorist had a carton of chocolate bars removed from his luggage carrier by a mother bear while her cubs clambored over the car in a diversionary move.

There is one section of the trans-Canada highway near Banff where traffic must frequently proceed at a snail's pace or come to a stop altogether. This is near Vermilion Lake just west of the town. There are no red lights, however,



Top right: Bull moose cools off in Vermilion Lake near Banff. Centre: Peanuts fill the bill. Bottom: What's bruin? Tourists meet black bear near Banff.





Banff's busy beaver.

to enforce this rule. A herd of mountain goats or sheep idling along the road, or a moose standing knee deep in the waters a few yards away will tempt almost any motorist to pull up.

It is not often, however, that a bull moose actually penetrates deep into the town's residential district . . . but it does happen occasionally. During the winter a big antlered fellow came to town and proceeded to feed on the roadside a few yards from a group of young children. The mother, viewing the scene from her home some distance away and having doubts about her children's new playmate, ran out to rescue the youngsters. When she arrived on the scene the kiddies were gleefully throwing snowballs at the big animal who displayed not the slightest concern.

Sometimes the visitors inject a high note of humor into Banff's everyday life. When gardener Vic Sugg, perched on a stepladder, was busy trimming a hedge bordering the station garden he wondered what a friend found so funny about it. His friend pointed to the other end of the hedge where a bull moose was doing the same job without the aid of shears or a stepladder. It was not the first time Mr. Sugg has been troubled by incursions of wild visitors. Shortly before a magpie made off with his spectacles which he left on a nearby rock. Though warnings had been issued to "look out for a magpie wearing spectacles" the lost specs were never recovered.

Dan McCowan of Banff, the well known author and naturalist, has the prize story of them all. A beaver had felled a large tree by gnawing at its base. The tree, however, had not fallen clear, having wedged its leafy top — the section that appealed to the beaver's palate — between two neighboring trees.

Instead of tackling a new tree the beaver was determined to achieve his original objective — by chewing off one-foot sections working up-

wards from the base. By the time the beaver was ready to call it quits there were twenty-one sections of log scattered around the scene of operations. "To make a long story short," says Dan, "they were the exact lengths for my stove and I was able to lay away a good stock of fuel".

A skeptical tourist might well be pardoned for first thinking that the animals were distributed around town as a publicity stunt. It is hard to realize that these animals you meet

within the town's limits are simply enjoying a stroll and will return to the woods and mountains by nightfall.

This complete lack of fear on the part of animals can be credited to the government's efficient administration of the national parks where shooting of game, large or small, is strictly forbidden. In Banff National Park, for instance, a grizzly enjoys the same rights of citizenship as a rabbit, and the eagle is protected by the same laws that keep duck and other waterfowl beyond reach of the sportsman's gun.

No laws executed by man, however, can keep the predatory animals from preying on the defenceless, and no laws can assure an adequate supply of food for all species at all times. Banff, as a result, has become an island of safety and plenty for many varieties of wild life. Deer find it easier to grub for nubbins in someone's back yard than in the adjacent woods — particularly during bad weather. What's more they can enjoy their snack without fear that a wolf or cougar will demand his share of the meal which might include the deer himself.

The animals sometimes have to pay the penalty for their association with mankind, and meet their fate in strange and varied manners. Deer, for instance, have had to be destroyed after stepping on tin cans. Having once caught their pointed hooves in these objects the animals are subject to severe injury if unable to extricate themselves. Bears who have poked their heads too far into milk cans have become hopelessly trapped and similarly disposed of.

The fact that wild life at Banff is a favorite feature of home-returning vacationists in snapshot albums, movie films, and the tourist's own memoirs is adequate proof of how much these friendly neighbors of the surrounding woods and mountains contribute to Banff's fame as the world's leading mountain resort.

PRIZE WINNING HIKEFOTO FOR 1947



● Hats off to our official trail hike medico, Dr. A. Somerville of Edmonton, whose well aimed lens caught the above shot and won him the annual \$15.00 prize for best hikefoto of 1947.

Last year's hikers will undoubtedly be able to place the setting, which gives us an imposing view of Mount Ball and Haiduk Lake from Whistling Valley.

Hikers may also recognize the personalities depicted — the Misses Annie M. Fallis and Jean Galbraith, both of whom hail from Lethbridge, Alta.

Both seem oblivious to the fact they are helping

Dr. Somerville cop the cash prize. However, with a view like that who can blame anyone from being oblivious to anything else?

Hikers may recall seeing this shot in smaller form in the January issue of The Sky Line Trail. And so they did. We did feel that it was a likely candidate for the winner but it was just too good a shot to hold over till after the contest. In other words we couldn't wait.

At any rate, here it is hikers — the winner! Congratulations to Dr. Somerville.



Connie Plommer

The Duffle Bag

● Here's a column, Hikers, that's designed for one and all.

And to make it a success, one and all will have to co-operate.

If this were an ordinary kind of magazine we'd probably head the column "Social and Personal" or something like it.

But, as we know, this magazine is in a class by itself.

All of us are eager to know what goes on in the lives of our fellow hikers during the long months between trail time.

Think of all the things that can happen: One hiker may write a successful book, a song, or a poem; another may discover a new way of splitting the atom; another may be transferred to distant parts of the globe. And yet another may have married that hiker he met on the trail last summer.

Here's your chance to help make our Bulletin bigger and better than ever. You don't have to be an expert writer. Just send us the facts, making sure names, initials and such are accurate.

If you don't like the way you write it the editor will rehash it for you.

The accent should be on brevity as the more news we can cram in the column the better we'll all like it.

The Suggestion Box

In this issue of *The Sky Line Trail* we introduce a new feature — The Suggestion Box.

The Suggestion Box, as its name implies, is simply that — a clearing house for suggestions submitted by Sky Line Trail Hikers with a view to contributing to the organization's cause.

If you have any such ideas, please don't keep them to yourself! We are good listeners when we're at the receiving end of good suggestions. Your suggestion can be printed under your own name or a nom-de-plume. When submitting a nom-de-plume, however, it is customary to include the bona fide name for identification.

We recently received such a suggestion with regard to arm badges, though the campaign to have them made had already been set in motion. However, the following gives an idea of how the suggestion should be submitted.

Dear Mr. Editor :

We have had a lapel button for a number of years but I feel we are missing out on a good thing by not introducing a cloth badge that can be worn on the hiker's sleeve.

These, I happen to know, could be manufactured at a reasonable cost and would do much toward advertising the Trail Hikers in various parts of the continent.

I am enclosing the name of a firm which could probably handle the job. I'm sure they would sell like the proverbial hotcakes.

Yours for better hiking,

A WESTERNER.

Editor's Note: Many thanks, Westerner. You will see that the idea has already been acted upon. Send us another.



Miss B. deLacey

Cash Prize is Awarded for Winning Hikefoto

IS THE click of a camera shutter worth \$15.00 to you?

If so all you have to do is click it at the right time, at the right place, and at the right object, send your results to the editor and sit back with your fingers crossed.

Meantime your picture will be placed on file until January 1 when a committee of three judges, none of whom is a member of the Sky Line Trail Hikers, will pronounce the verdict. A check for \$15.00 will be mailed the winner forthwith.

Remember: You do not require a costly precision model camera to be eligible for the judge's decision. A photo taken by an ordinary box camera may clinch the prize. All entries should be printed in glossy finish, 8" x 10" in size, with the photographer's nom-de-plume printed plainly on the back of each photograph.

The same nom-de-plume should be contained in a *sealed* envelope which also contains the sender's bona fide name and address for identification. A brief description of the location of photograph and date photographed should also be included with each entry.

In addition to receiving a \$15.00 check the winner will also have his or her entry reproduced full page size in the February issue of *The Sky Line Trail*. Those judged second and third in merit will be accorded honorable mention and reproduced in the same issue.

Let's Go Fishing

There are bound to be Waltonians in our midst this summer and their yen to describe a wide arc with rod and line over the shimmering surface of a cool alpine lake will not go unheeded this summer on the Trail Hike.

Our hiking itinerary takes in a number of alpine lakes and tarns the more promising waters being Quartz Lake in our own backyard and picturesque Rock Isle Lake within easy hiking distance of our camp.

Both lakes are well stocked with scrappy cut-throat and rainbow trout who promise the angler plenty of opposition from below the surface and whose fighting qualities are matched only by their popularity with the palate.

So, if you like fishing, by all means bring along your rod, line and creel. You'll find your fishing rod a worthy supplement to your alpenstock.

Top to bottom: (1) Hikers on Sugar Loaf Mountain (2) Informal camp scene (3) G. C. Martin and Sir Oliver and Lady Wheeler take time out for a picture at last year's camp. (4) Jean Stewart gives duffle the once over. Are you there, Jean?

FROM LAST YEAR'S SCRAP BOOK



Sunrise in the Selkirks

Dazzled I stood
Barefoot in the frosty grass
With head thrown back into the clear, cold air —
It was the sunrise service of the wilderness,
And I, a lowly, earthbound creature,
Dared to watch !
Tall cedars, with their pointed fingers
Reaching toward heaven
Swayed and chanted
In a whispered monotone :
While the wind, light-fingered,
Played with dancing touch
Upon the mighty organ
Of the pines
Nature's deep and wordless hymns.
And far away,
Through the thin crystal air of dawn,
The first rosy finger
Of the rising sun
Touched, with heavenly blessing
And silent invocation,
The high-white altars
Of the Lord.

—Betty Alice Burns

Slumber Unlimited

● If you've never snuggled into the cozy depths of a sleeping bag spread over a well-laid mattress of springy evergreen boughs you just haven't lived.

As you've no doubt read in previous Bulletins and circulars, the Sky Line Trail Hikers have a limited supply of these bags to rent for \$5.00 for the hike's five-day duration. Blankets and rubber ground sheets are provided at no extra cost.

Each sleeping bag has been thoroughly dry cleaned within the last two months while the blankets too have been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Pillow slips? Not with sleeping bags, Madame.

So don't worry about those nights in the great outdoors. We'll guarantee you'll sleep as comfortably and cozily as you ever did in your favorite slumber-built mattress. Probably better.

And if you're not quite ready for evergreen boughs we have a supply of conventional mattresses available at no cost.

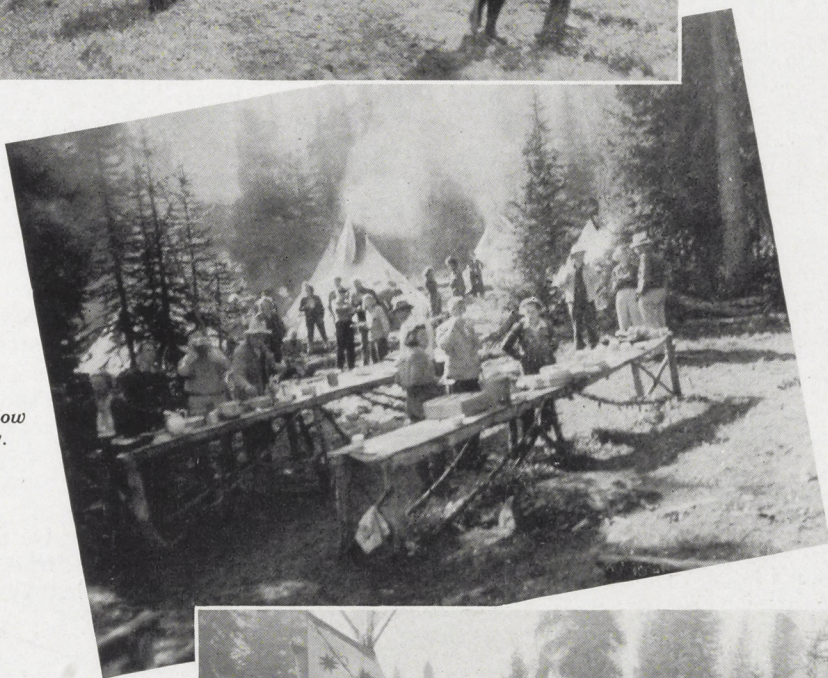


Rock Isle Lake in tranquil mood.

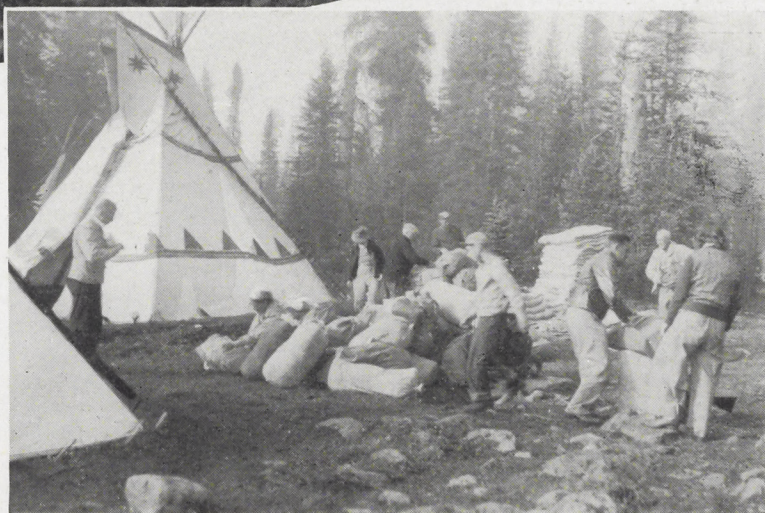
(R. B. Rushworth)



*Up Sunshine
Way.*



*Hikers stow
it away.*



Grappling with the duffe.

EXCHANGES

The Health Walker — Published in the interests of the International Walkers' Association of America, Middleburg, Pa.

This is one of our most looked forward to contemporaries. We were particularly interested in the article "I Was Given Thirty Days to Live" by William Klaue.

The article describes the sensational recovery through trail hiking of an invalid who had previously been given thirty days to live by his physician. The article should be an inspiration to all who seek renewed health and vigor via the hike prescription.

The Iowa Mountaineer — Published by the Iowa Mountaineers, Iowa City, Ia.

A smartly arranged little mag with a good assortment of illustrations. Many scenes are reminiscent of our own exploits. All aspects of the Mountaineers' summer outings — from registration to the trails — are given elaborate coverage.

Woodland Trail Walkers — Published by Woodland Trail Walkers, Ho-Ho-Kus, N.J.

An informative little Bulletin that like the outdoors varies in color with the seasons.

We are always eager to receive bulletins or magazines published by contemporary hiking associations here and in the United States. If you are not already receiving our Bulletin we will be pleased to add your name to the complimentary mailing list.

Before the Hike Why not a Ride?

Though we hikers may prefer our own legs to horse-power we still follow with interest the annual exploits of our sister organization, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

The fact, however, that many riders attend the hike and many hikers attend the ride has brought the two organizations, both of which were founded by John Murray Gibbon, within the same big family circle.

This year the Trail Riders will hold two five-day rides, July 16-20 and July 23-27, as well as a 12-day ride, limited to 20 experienced members, July 16-27.

The campsite for the two five-day rides will be near the base of Citadel Pass at the headwaters of the Simpson River. Members of the "long ride" will establish three additional camps, one at Mount Assiniboine, one at Brewster Creek and the other at Fatigue Creek.

The "central campsite" plan which hikers have followed for so long was adopted by the riders in 1945 and has been followed ever since. Each morning the riders set out on a new trail, returning to camp at nightfall for sing-song and entertainment.

At the time of writing there are still a few vacancies on all three rides, though applications are coming in at a brisk pace. If you are interested in joining the organization please drop a line to the Secretary-Treasurer, Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alta.

Membership entitles you to receive the Trail Ride Bulletin which is now issued three times a year, and to wear the order's button after 50 miles of trail riding.

If You Have Talent Bring it with You

DO YOU wish to make friends and influence people on the trail and in camp?

You probably will anyway, but if you can play a musical instrument of some kind — short of a grand piano and radio-phonograph — your efforts in that direction will be considerably lightened.

You probably realize that entertainment plays a large part during our annual hike — particularly every evening 'round the campfire. To be sure we have our nightly singsong but we can't spend the evening just listening to our own voices.

The alternative is this: If you have a portable musical instrument, bring it along with you, provided it will stand the hard knocks of trail hiking; if you can ventriloquize, juggle, tap-

dance, yodel, give with the elocution, mimicry or any kind of entertainment, you're a priority hiker and we can use your act at campfire time, especially at our grand pow-wow on August 3.

If you have a friend or friends living nearby who plan to attend this year's camp, why not get up a little act to surprise your pals with at those nightly singsongs? Our able mistress of ceremonies, Jean Stewart, will take over once the hike commences, but she'll need our co-operation to put the nightly shows over.

Remember: Music has charms everywhere, but those charms are appreciated more than ever on the trail, around the campfire, above or below the timberline. When you say it with music at a hiker camp you are saying it to an appreciative audience.

GOOD NEWS

for Bulletin Readers

- The Bulletin schedule has been revised.

Guesswork as to when you'll receive your favorite hike magazine has been eliminated by a recent mail announcement which gives the new tentative dates of issue.

The Bulletin will henceforth be issued three times a year — February, June and October. This, as you see, leaves an equal time space between each issue.

Gaps between issues will be bridged by informative pamphlets and circulars which will be issued when we have something on the griddle too hot to hold for the next edition.

We are trying to liven up the little mag and will appreciate any suggestions from our members that might contribute to this end. Short stories, personal items, photographs, gags, etc. will all be welcomed by the editor.

And we repeat: If you do not receive your Bulletin on schedule write us at once. It may be that your name has been wrongly presented or your address changed. The mailing list has been revised but there are still cases of Bulletins being returned "address unknown."

Moreover, if you know of a fellow hiker who is not receiving his or her Bulletin please have this member notify us immediately. Your co-operation will be appreciated.



Sir Oliver and Lady Wheeler relax by the river.

Remember The Dates!
JULY 31 - AUGUST 4



Where rock meets snow above Scarab Lake.

Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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Baron, Mr. H., St. Louis, Mo.
Baron, Mr. M., St. Louis, Mo.
Barret, Miss Dorothy, Chicago, Ill.
Bateson, J. N., Calgary, Alta.
Bell, Mrs. Sue, Calgary, Alta.
Bell, Miss Betty C., Ocean City, N.J.
Berkley, G. St. L., Karachi, India
Berkley, Mrs. G. St. L., Karachi, India
Beveridge, Miss M., Victoria, B.C.
Bilton, Miss Irene, Calgary, Alta.
Blakeslee, Harold L., New Haven, Conn.
Blume, Miss Idella, San Francisco, Cal.
Boddington, Mrs. A. B., Dakville, Ont.
Bodkin, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.
Bonar, J. C., Montreal
Booz, Miss Elisabeth, Washington, Pa.
Boyd, Miss Evelyn, Toronto, Ont.
Bradley, John, Peoria, Ill.
Brewster, Mrs. James I., Banff, Alta.
Brewster, Mrs. Pat., Banff, Alta.
Brodnitz, Dr. Otto W., New York, N.Y.
Buck, Robert L., Evanston, Ill.
Brown, Miss Sheila, Trail, B.C.
Calhoun, Miss Joyce, Vancouver, B.C.
Campbell, Miss E., Calgary, Alta.
Canielle, Mrs. Rita, Phoenix, Arizona
Carley, Mrs. Cecil, Battleford, Sask.
Carscallen, A. N., Calgary, Alta.
Carter, Wilf., Calgary, Alta.
Chink, Mrs. K. G., Edmonton, Alta.
Clare, Miss Ainlay, Calgary, Alta.
Clark, Miss Anne Janet, Baltimore, Md.
Coe, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.
Coleman, H. T., New York, N.Y.
Coleman, John Travers, New York, N.Y.
Conant, Rev. Ruth S., Hartford, Conn.
Cornell, Grace Jean, Victoria, B.C.
Cottle, R. D., Edmonton, Alta.
Cottle, W. H., Edmonton, Alta.
Coubrough, Miss R. F., Winnipeg, Man.
Coults, S. G., Calgary, Alta.
Coults, Mrs. S. G., Calgary, Alta.
Coyer, Mrs. S. J., Wilmette, Ill.
Cran, Miss Anna, Winnipeg, Man.
Crosby, L. S., Banff, Alta.
Crawford, A. E., Prince Rupert, B.C.
Currie, Mrs. Lyle, Field, B.C.
Darker, Miss I., Calgary, Alta.
Davidson, Miss E. R., Chicago, Ill.
Dawson, Miss S., Nelson, B.C.
Deal, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.
De Lacy, Miss Beatrice, Portland, Ore.
Diverty, Marshall H., Woodbury, N.J.
Dobbin, Mrs. J. L., Westbank, B.C.
Douglas, D. J., Edmonton, Alta.
Drews, Edward, Stillwater, Minn.
Drummond, Miss Warda, Montreal, Que.
Engelhardt, Miss Georgia, New York, N.Y.
Ermingier, Miss Bertha, Chicago, Ill.
Ermingier, Mrs. H. B., Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Etter, Miss Enid, Nelson, B.C.
Elvin, Miss Ruby, Trail, B.C.
Erickson, G., Los Angeles, Cal.
Erickson, Mrs. G., Los Angeles, Cal.
Everett, Dr. G. M.,
Fallis, Miss Annie M., Lethbridge, Alta.
Farman, Miss Jeanette, Calgary, Alta.
Fawdry, Miss Marion, Calgary, Alta.
Feuz, Ernest, Lake Louise, Alta.
Fife, Miss Margaret, New York, N.Y.
Fingland, Miss B. E., Moose Jaw, Sask.

Fisher, Donald, Montreal, Que.
Fisher, George, Canmore, Alta.
Fitch, Miss Jean, Vancouver, B.C.
Forman, Mrs. John, Litchfield, Conn.
Forman, John, Litchfield, Conn.
Fraser, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.
Frost, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.
Fryckberg, Miss Marjorie, St. Paul, Minn.
Fulker, Miss E., Calgary, Alta.
Fullbrook, Mrs. Anne, Banff, Alta.
Fuller, Lawrence, Banff, Alta.
Fuller, Mrs. Lawrence, Banff, Alta.
Galbraith, Miss Jean, Lethbridge, Alta.
Garbutt, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.
Garbutt, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.
Garfield, Miss Nettie, Calgary, Alta.
Garfield, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
Garfield, Miss Lillian, Calgary, Alta.
Genge, Miss Connie E., Nelson, B.C.
Gest, Miss Lillian, Merion, Pa.
Gillespie, G. F., Montreal, Que.
Gillespie, Dr. A. T., Fort William, Ont.
Goldsmith, Miss Faith, Los Angeles, Cal.
Goldsmith, Miss F., Los Angeles, Cal.
Good, H. E., Nanaimo, B.C.
Gordon, Mrs. Whonock, B.C.
Gordon, Miss Margot, Whonock, B.C.
Gordon, Miss M., Calgary, Alta.
Gourley, Mrs. B., Banff, Alta.
Gow, Dr. Robert, Banff, Alta.
Gowans, Miss Marjorie, Montreal, Que.
Gowler, Miss Margaret, Toronto, Ont.
Graham, Miss Bess F., Alton, Ill.
Graves, S. Lake O'Hara, B.C.
Gustafsson, Miss Anna, San Francisco, Cal.
Green, H. A. V., Winnipeg, Man.
Guzy, Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Guzy, Mrs. Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Guzy, Miss Sylvia, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Godfrey, Miss Marilyn, Wenonah, N.J.
Gordon, Miss Meta, Calgary, Alta.
Hains, Douglas, Montreal, Que.
Ha'l, Edward, Jr., Fitchburg, Mass.
Hamilton, Mrs. B., Golden, B.C.
Hamilton, Miss Nancy, Calgary, Alta.
Hanley, Miss Olive, Winnipeg, Man.
Harkin, J. B., Ottawa, Ont.
Heideman, Charles, Chicago, Ill.
Hendrie, Miss M. P., Calgary, Alta.
Harper, Miss Jane V., Chicago, Ill.
Helliwell, Miss Norah, Winnipeg, Man.
Holliday, Miss Vera, Nelson, B.C.
Hinder, Miss Hilda F., Victoria, B.C.
Hoff, John Barbey, Reading, Pa.
Holmes, E., Calgary, Alta.
Holmes, Miss Clara, Winnipeg, Man.
Holmes, E. P., Calgary, Alta.
Holland, Leonard, Vancouver, B.C.
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.
Hopkins, Eric, Calgary, Alta.
Horsey, G. F., Field, B.C.
Howard, H. E., Calgary, Alta.
Howard, P. M., Calgary, Alta.
Howard, Mrs. P. M., Calgary, Alta.
Hrubesh, Miss Helen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Hull, Norman, Montreal, Que.
Hunt, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.
Hunter, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
Jennings, Major P. J., Banff, Alta.
Jensen, T. C., Standard, Alta.
Jensen, Miss, Standard, Alta.
Jones, C. A., London, England
Jones, Miss Rilla, Calgary, Alta.
Keith, Miss Mary, Edmonton, Alta.
Kelly, A. R., Haney, B.C.
Kelly, W. M., Calgary, Alta.
Kenyon, Miss Grace, Chicago, Ill.
Kidd, Miss Effie, Calgary, Alta.
Kippen, Miss Evelyn, Calgary, Alta.
Kirkland, Wallace, Chicago, Ill.
Koenig, Miss Elizabeth, Chicago, Ill.
Kooztz, Mrs. A. G., Ottumwa, Iowa.
Laidlaw, F. L., Vancouver, B.C.
Lark-Horowitz, Dr. K., Lafayette, Indiana.
Lamar, E. P., Calgary, Alta.
Lamar, Mrs. E. P., Calgary, Alta.
Lamont, Miss May, Calgary, Alta.
Larson, Miss Inez E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lauer, Miss Edith, Baltimore Md.

Leacock, Leonard, Calgary, Alta.
Leblond, Miss Neva, Pendleton, Ore.
Leif, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
Leifson, Mrs. Einar, Vermillion S.D.
Lensing, Miss Genevieve, Cleveland, O.
Leviton, Dr. E., Glencoe, Ill.
Leviton, Dr. D., Glencoe, Ill.
Lockhart, Miss Araby, Montreal, Que.
Lovell, Charles J., Pasadena, Cal.
Lum, Dr. Frederick H., Jr., Chatham, N.J.
Lum, Mrs. Frederick N., Jr., Chatham, N.J.
MacCarthy, A. H., Annapolis, Md.
MacDonald, Mrs. J. Hembroff, Wpg., Man.
MacDonald, Jack, Winnipeg, Man.
MacLougall, Kent, Glencoe, Ill.
MacFarland, Mrs. D. C., Woodbury, N.J.
MacFarlane, Margaret E., Saskatoon, Sask.
Martin, D. J., Calgary, Alta.
Martin, G. C., Calgary, Alta.
Martin, Miss Irene, Cicero, Ill.
Martin, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
Mathews, F. T., Calgary, Alta.
Mathewson, Miss Hope, New York, N.Y.
Mather, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.
Maunsell, Miss Frances, Montreal, Que.
Maunsell, J. Q., Montreal, Que.
Maxwell, Miss Clara, New Westminster, B.C.
Mayor, Miss S. W., Calgary, Alta.
Mawhinney, Miss Grace, Calgary, Alta.
McCaffrey, Miss Emily, Russell, Ont.
McCowan, Miss Mamie, Brandon, Man.
McEvoy, Mrs. Ruth, Detroit, Mich.
McKeown, Miss Muriel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
McMurtry, Miss Eleanor, Calgary, Alta.
Merk, Oswald E. D., Naugatuck, Conn.
Measurall, David W., West Chester, Penna.
Measurall, Mrs. David W., West Chester, Penna.
Miller, Miss Mary, Burford, Ont.
Mills, Mrs. J. S., Saskatoon, Sask.
Mitchell, Mr. B., Woodbury, N.J.
Moodie, Miss Marcella, Vancouver, B.C.
Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.
Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.
Moore, Miss I. Diana, London, England
Moore, R. O., London, England
Morant, Nicholas, Montreal, Que.
Morant, Mrs. Nicholas, Montreal, Que.
Morris, Mrs. A. H., Vancouver, B.C.
Mulvey, J. C., Tacoma, Wash.
Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.
Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.
Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.
Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.
Niven, Miss Bunty, Calgary, Alta.
Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.
Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.
O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.
Oggesen, Miss Mabel L., Buffalo, N.Y.
Oliver, Mrs. Lorna, New York, N.Y.
Omohundro, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.
Packham, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.
Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.
Palenske, R. H., Wilmette, Ill.
Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.
Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.
Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.
Patton, Miss Barbara, Dallas, Tex.
Payne, John, Calgary, Alta.
Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.
Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.
Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.
Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.
Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.
Plommer, Miss Connie, Calgary, Alta.
Flommer, J. J., Vancouver, B.C.
Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.
Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.
Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.
Quehl, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.
Ramsay, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.
Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.
Rawlings, Miss Pat, Seebe, Alta.
Rea, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.
Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.
Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.
Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.

MEMBERSHIP LIST TO NOVEMBER, 1947—Continued

Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.
 Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.
 Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Mrs. P. M., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Mrs. Robert C., Calgary, Alta.
 Riley, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.
 Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.
 Roberts, Ian, Montreal, Que.
 Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.
 Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England
 Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.
 Round, F. W. E., Banff, Alta.
 Rourke, Miss Shirley, Calgary, Alta.
 Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.
 Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.
 Sabin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.
 Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.
 Sanson, N.B., Banff, Alta.
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.
 Sayers, Miss J. Molly, London, England
 Scott, Miss J., Calgary, Alta.
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.
 Seiburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.
 Silverman, Miss R., Chicago, Ill.
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.

Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Somerville, Mrs. I., Willow Grove, Pa.
 Speakman, Dr. Tom, Winnipeg, Man.
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.
 Speakman, Miss M., Edmonton, Alta.
 Steeves, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.
 Stewart, Miss Jean, Fort William, Ont.
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.
 Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.
 Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.
 Thelen, Miss Mary F., Virginia.
 Tilem, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England
 Trotter, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.
 Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Sydney R., Calgary, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.
 Vaillance, Mrs. S., Calgary, Alta.
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.
 Walker, Major W. J. Selby, Calgary, Alta.

Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.
 Ward, J. R., Bronxville, N.Y.
 Wylie, Miss E. F., Calgary, Alta.
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Sask.
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.
 Wheeler, Brig. Sir Edward O., M.C., Banff, Alta.
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Banff, Alta.
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.
 Wilder, Miss Emma N., La Crosse, Wis.
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, J.
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Calgary, Miss E. F., Calgary, Alta.
 Wurzbarger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurzbarger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.

UNCHARTERED MEMBERS

Adams, Miss Nellie V., Atlantic Beach, Fla.
 Allan, Mrs. H. M., Lyria, Sask.
 Bond, Mr. George B. R., Calgary, Alta.
 Bond, Mrs. George B. R., Calgary, Alta.

Brock, Major F. Freer, Vancouver, B.C.
 Jack, Mrs. Laurence E., Melrose, Mass.
 Mills, Ike, Banff, Alta.

Neild, Miss Rosamond, Toronto, Ont.
 Phelan, Miss Mary Joyce, Toronto, Ont.
 Wilson, Miss Ada, Alberni, B.C.

(Kindly advise the Secretary-Treasurer of any mis-spell names or incorrect addresses)



Lone Sentinel.

(R. B. Rushworth)